

WEIRD

WEIRD

STORY SO UNBELIEVABLE!

JAN.  
1953  
No. 11



# JOURNEY

*into*



10¢

# FEAR

WISER in  
the COFFIN



BLOOD on  
HER LIPS



TERROR  
in the NIGHT



BEAST of  
BEDLAM



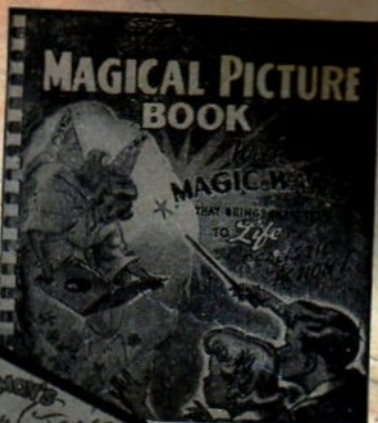




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**SEND NO  
MONEY!**



# Beast of Bedlam

A STORY OF GASPING HORROR AS A MAN OF TODAY FIGHTS FOR HIS VERY SOUL AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL FROM OUT OF THE PAST! STRANGER THAN FICTION, MORE TERRIBLE THAN DEATH, IS THIS EERIE TALE OF A YOUNG DOCTOR WHO OVERNIGHT WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A RAVING BEAST OF BEDLAM!...



LONDON IN 1750! A CRUEL AGE, AND A TIME OF NO HOPE FOR THE MENTALLY ILL...

WE'LL BE AT BEDLAM SOON!

HA-HA-HA-  
HEE-EEE-

SEE! TAKING HER TO BEDLAM THEY ARE!

SERVES HER RIGHT! HER BRAINS ARE ADDLED!

He pug  
and  
whistle

YOU FOOLS! YOU'LL PAY! DON'T YOU KNOW I'M THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN DO YOU HEAR? I'LL HAVE YOU ALL HANGED!

HO-HO-LISTEN TO HER! THINKS SHE'S THE QUEEN!

SHE MEANS QUEEN OF BEDLAM!





TIME PASSED AND GRADUALLY NELL BLYTHE RECOVERED HER SENSES! ONE DAY AS SHE WAS SERVING THE BEAST...

HURRY, LITTLE FOOL! I HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND!

YES, SIR HECTOR! YOUR ALE!



OH, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN...

CLUMSY WENCH! FOOL! I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER!



AND WHEN THE FEARFUL PUNISHMENT IS OVER...

SPILL ALE ON ME, WILL YOU! NOW GET ABOUT YOUR CHORES OR YOU'LL GET STILL MORE OF THE LASH!

SOB—Y-YES, SIR! OH—MY BACK!



I'LL GET HIM! THE BEAST! I'M ALL RIGHT AGAIN, BUT HE DOESN'T SUSPECT! BUT I'VE GOT WITS ENOUGH TO SEE TO HIS DEATH! TONIGHT!



AND THAT NIGHT, WITH ITS CRUEL MASTER, BEDLAM GOES CRASHING DOWN IN SULLEN EMBERS...

THAT NIGHT NELL STEALS A KEY AND GETS HER REVENGE...

GET THE BEAST! HE'S DRUNK, HELPLESS, SO HE'LL BE EASY TO KILL! HURRY!

WE'LL HAVE THE SWINE'S LIFE! AFTER HIM!

HQ-HO—WE'LL SHOW HIM! WE'LL TEAR HIM TO SMALL BITS!



AYEEEEEE—I'M BURNING!

SAVE ME! UNLOCK MY CELL!

WE'VE KILLED THE BEAST!

FIRE! BEDLAM'S BURNING!





TWO CENTURIES HAVE PASSED AND BEDLAM IS FORGOTTEN! SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION HAVE WROUGHT MIRACLES IN THE TREATMENT OF INSANITY! BUT OVER BROADMOOR THERE IS A BROODING SHADOW...

THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY, MISS MUNSON!

YES, DOCTOR KENDALL!

DOCTOR BRUCE KENDALL, BRILLIANT YOUNG PSYCHIATRIST, IS BEGINNING TO FEAR FOR HIS OWN SANITY...

I HATE TO SEE THE DARKNESS COME! THAT—THAT THING WILL COME AGAIN, I KNOW IT! IF ONLY I HAD THE NERVE TO PLACE MYSELF UNDER TREATMENT!

I'M SORRY, DOCTOR, BUT THEY JUST BROUGHT IN AN EMERGENCY CASE! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE HER! THE POOR THING THINKS SHE'S A QUEEN!

ALL RIGHT, MISS MUNSON! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

HI, DOC! THIS IS MISS NELLIE BLYTHE!

YOU ARE ALL MY SUBJECTS! I AM A QUEEN, YOU KNOW!

OF COURSE, MISS BLYTHE! NOW JUST COME ALONG WITH ME!

I LIKE THIS PLACE! JUST LIKE MY OWN PALACE!

YES, OF COURSE!

HOW ODD! I SEEM TO HAVE MET HER SOMEWHERE, TO HAVE HEARD THOSE WORDS BEFORE! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

I'LL HANDLE THINGS NOW, DOCTOR!

I'LL BE AROUND IN THE MORNING!

I REALLY MUST DO SOMETHING! I WOULD SWEAR THAT I'VE MET THAT GIRL BEFORE—A LONG, LONG TIME AGO! PERHAPS IN ANOTHER LIFE!



THE HOURS PASS AND STILL DOCTOR KENDALL DOES NOT SLEEP! FOR THE PAST FEW NIGHTS A HORRIBLE AND INCREDIBLE THING HAS OCCURRED...

IF IT COMES AGAIN TONIGHT I'LL KNOW IT'S REAL—OR THAT I'M INSANE! FOR THE LAST THREE NIGHTS IT'S COME EXACTLY AT MIDNIGHT!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASH OF THUNDER AND...

T-THUNDER! AND IT'S COMING AGAIN! THERE BY THE WINDOW!

WHOO-M-M

AND OUT OF THE DARK CURTAIN OF THE CENTURIES STEPS THE BEAST OF BEDLAM...

HO-HO-HO—THOUGHT I WOULDN'T COME, DOCTOR KENDALL! YOU'RE A FOOL, SIR! TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS I COULDN'T STAY AWAY!

N-NO! THIS CAN'T BE REAL!

UNGGHHH—

NOT REAL! YOU'LL SOON SEE! I'LL BORROW YOUR BODY AGAIN TONIGHT, SIR! AS I HAVE THE PAST NIGHTS! THEN I'LL HAVE MY FUN!

NO! YOU CAN'T! I WON'T...

SB? YOU MODERN FOOLS STILL WON'T BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION, HEY? THEN I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL KILL YOU, AND YOUR BODY WILL BE MINE FOREVER! YOU DIE...





A FEW MOMENTS  
LATER...

THERE! IT'S DONE! I'M  
RID OF MY USELESS BODY  
AND I'VE GOT HIS! HO-HO-  
WHO WILL EVER SUSPECT  
THAT SIR HECTOR BLODGETT  
STILL WALKS THE EARTH!



FOR CENTURIES I'VE WAITED  
UNTIL JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT  
TO COME BACK! AND NOW HERE  
I AM—WITH A MADHOUSE  
FOR MY PLEASURE!



HA—SHE'S IN HERE! MY OWN LITTLE  
NELL BLYTHE, THE WENCH THAT KILLED  
ME IN 1750! I CAN SENSE HER NEAR-  
NESS! AND I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR MY  
REVENGE! BUT TONIGHT...



THE BEAST, IN GUISE OF DOCTOR KENDALL,  
SLAMS OPEN A DOOR...

OHHH— GET  
OUT! DON'T YOU  
KNOW I'M A  
QUEEN! I'LL  
HAVE YOU  
PUNISHED!

HO-HO— MY SAME  
ADDED LITTLE  
WENCH! TWO CENTURIES  
HAVEN'T CHANGED YOU!  
SAME FACE, SAME  
NAME, AND STILL  
THINKS SHE'S A  
QUEEN!



YOU KILLED ME, WENCH! BURNED  
ME! BURNED ALL BEDLAM, YOU  
DID! AND FOR TWO CENTURIES  
I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR SPIRIT  
THROUGH THE VOID, WAITING  
FOR YOU TO FIND ANOTHER  
BODY AND COME BACK! AND  
NOW I'VE  
GOT YOU!



WHAT A JOKE! YOU WERE  
MAD THEN, AND YOU'RE  
MAD NOW! AND I'M STILL  
THE MASTER! HA-HA-HA-  
NOW IF THESE CURSED  
MODERNS ONLY HAVE  
A SNAKE PIT!



EEEEEEEEEE—



**B**UT THE BEAST HAS FORGOTTEN ONE THING—  
HE IS NOW LIVING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY...

**A**ND ONCE AGAIN THE  
BEAST IS CORNERED...

SCREAM, MY PRETTY!  
SEE WHO CARES!

IT'S DOCTOR  
KENDALL!

GET AWAY, YOU FOOLS!  
ARE YOU FORGETTING  
THAT I'M THE MASTER  
OF BEDLAM? KEEP  
BACK!

HE'S BEEN  
WORKING TOO  
HARD!

NOW, DOC!  
TAKE IT  
EASY!

HE HAS  
GONE MAD!

AEEEEEE—



LET ME GO! FOOLS!  
I'LL THROW YOU ALL  
IN THE SNAKE PIT!

GET THE STRAIT-  
JACKET ON HIM!

**L**ATER AS  
THE BEAST TRIES  
TO MAKE THEM  
UNDERSTAND...

NOW, DOCTOR KENDALL,  
YOU MUST REST!

SNAKE PIT!  
HURRY, BOYS!

POOR  
GUY!

FOOLS! I'M SIR  
HECTOR BLODGETT,  
NOT BRUCE KENDALL!  
I CAME BACK, TOOK  
HIS BODY! MY SOUL  
WON'T REST  
UNTIL I'VE  
HAD REVENGE  
ON THAT  
NELL  
WENCH!

SHEER GIBBERISH!  
LOOKS LIKE A  
HOPELESS  
CASE!



**B**UT THAT NIGHT IN THE LIBRARY...

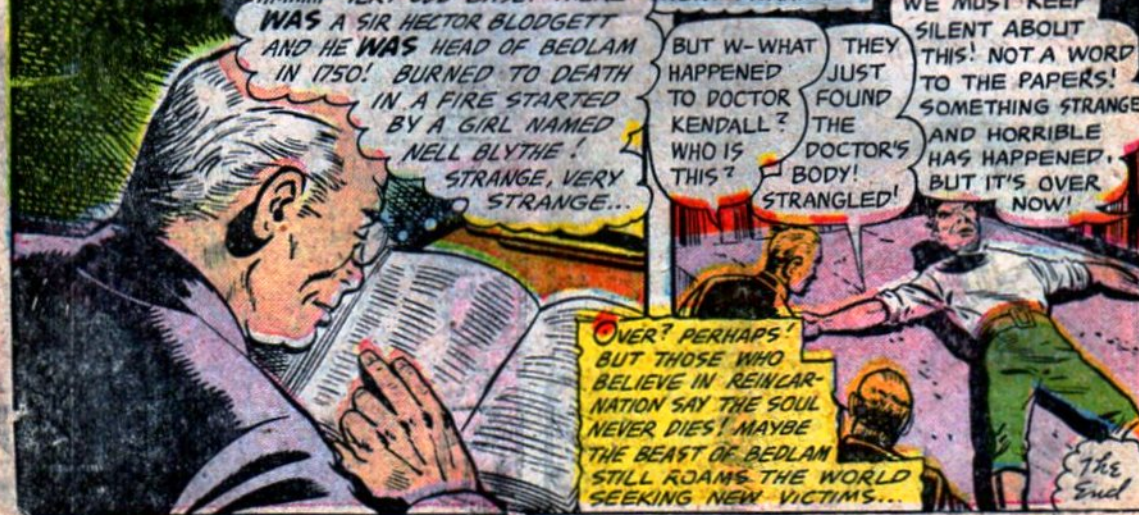
HMMM—VERY ODD CASE! THERE  
**WAS** A SIR HECTOR BLODGETT  
AND HE **WAS** HEAD OF BEDLAM  
IN 1750! BURNED TO DEATH  
IN A FIRE STARTED  
BY A GIRL NAMED  
NELL BLYTHE!  
STRANGE, VERY  
STRANGE...

**B**UT NOT AS STRANGE AS THE SIGHT  
NEXT MORNING...

BUT W-WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO DOCTOR  
KENDALL?  
WHO IS  
THIS?

WE MUST KEEP  
SILENT ABOUT  
THIS! NOT A WORD  
TO THE PAPERS!  
SOMETHING STRANGE  
AND HORRIBLE  
HAS HAPPENED,  
BUT IT'S OVER  
NOW!

OVER? PERHAPS!  
BUT THOSE WHO  
BELIEVE IN REINCAR-  
NATION SAY THE SOUL  
NEVER DIES! MAYBE  
THE BEAST OF BEDLAM  
STILL ROAMS THE WORLD  
SEEKING NEW VICTIMS...

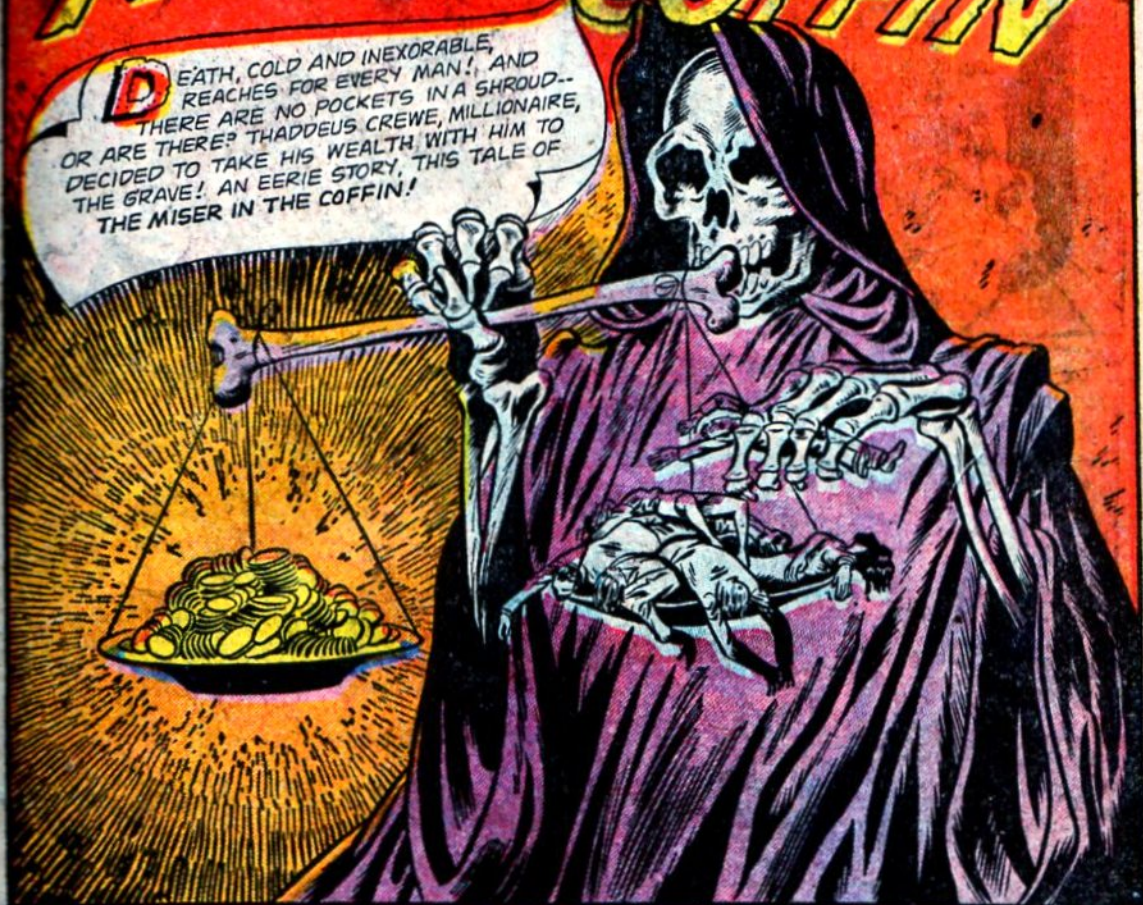


The End



# MISER IN THE COFFIN

**D**EATH, COLD AND INEXORABLE, REACHES FOR EVERY MAN! AND THERE ARE NO POCKETS IN A SHROUD-- OR ARE THERE? THADDEUS CREWE, MILLIONAIRE, DECIDED TO TAKE HIS WEALTH WITH HIM TO THE GRAVE! AN EERIE STORY, THIS TALE OF THE MISER IN THE COFFIN!



**D**EATH REACHES A BONY HAND FOR THADDEUS CREWE...

**A**S THE VULTURES GATHER...

I'M DYING! ALL MY MONEY-- GOING TO A LOT OF WORTH- LESS RELATIVES!

HE CAN'T LIVE LONG NOW.

POOR THADDEUS! I WONDER WHAT HE'S REALLY WORTH?

WHY DOESN'T HE HURRY AND DIE?





**B**UT THERE IS LIFE IN THE OLD MISER YET...

MY LAWYER,  
FOOL! HURRY!  
GET MY LAWYER!

YES, MR. CREWE!  
AT ONCE!



HA-HA! I'LL DO  
THEM YET! THEY'LL  
NOT GET MY MONEY!  
NOT A CENT OF IT!



**A**ND SOON...

CHANGING  
YOUR WILL  
AGAIN, SIR?

AH, SIMPKINS,  
AT LAST!  
TOOK YOU LONG  
ENOUGH!



NOT MY WILL,  
SIMPKINS! I'VE  
DECIDED TO TAKE  
MY MONEY WITH ME--  
TO THE GRAVE!

WHAT!



**A**FTER LAWYER SIMPKINS GETS HIS INSTRUCTIONS...

TELL THOSE JACKALS TO GO HOME!  
HA-HA! THIS IS ALMOST WORTH  
DYING FOR!

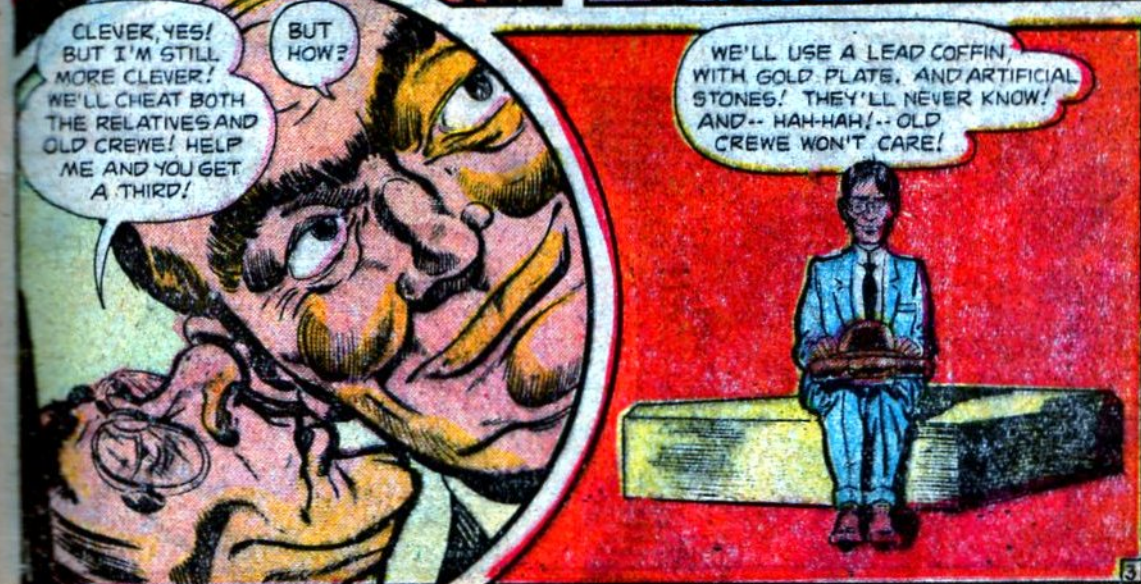
YES! I'LL TELL THEM  
AT ONCE! HOW DIS-  
APPOINTED THEY  
WILL BE!



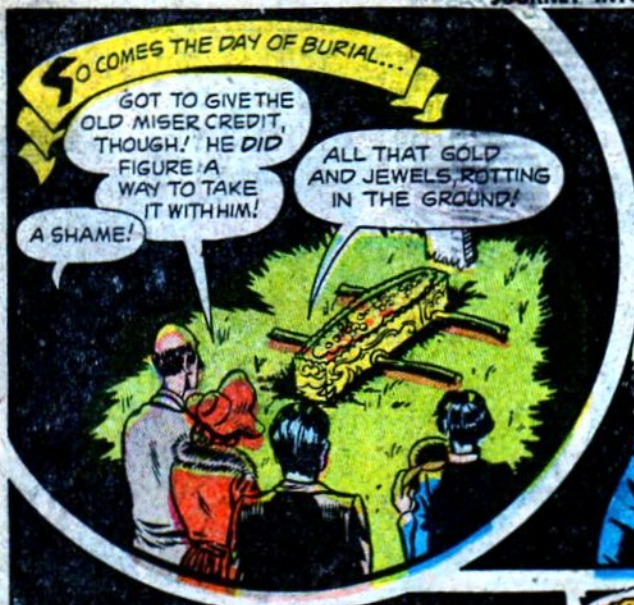
AND HOW DISAPPOINTED  
YOU'LL BE, OLD FOOL! I'VE  
GOT MY OWN PLANS  
FOR YOUR MONEY!













I'LL GO TO SIMPKINS' HOUSE AND GET MY MONEY!

A PASSING MOTORIST SEES THE GHOSTLY THING...

EEEEEE!!



AND CRASHES...

HEH-HEH-- GUESS I'M NOT SUCH A PRETTY SIGHT! BUT ALL I WANT IS MY MONEY!



SOON...

LOOKS LIKE LAWYER SIMPKINS IS STILL UP! HEH-HEH! PROBABLY COUNTING MY GOLD!



THE MISER IS RIGHT...

THERE'S YOUR SHARE! ONE-THIRD!

I SHOULD HAVE MORE! I DID ALL THE WORK!



I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING! BETTER TAKE A LOOK!

ONLY THE STORM! BUT I'LL LOOK ANYWAY!







NOTHING  
THERE! JUST  
YOUR NERVES!

MY NERVES ARE  
ALL RIGHT! SEE--



NO! DON'T--  
**GAAA!!**

DID  
YOU REALLY THINK  
I WOULD SHARE  
WITH YOU?



THIEF!  
MURDERER!  
I WANT MY  
MONEY!

HUH? WHAT?  
W-WHO'S THAT?



**CREW!** B-BUT  
IT CAN'T--Y-YOU'RE  
DEAD! IN THE GRAVE!

YOU CHEATED ME!  
MY CORPSE CAN'T  
REST UNTIL I HAVE  
MY GOLD--AND  
MY REVENGE!



NO! KEEP  
AWAY!

FOOL! BULLETS  
CAN'T HURT ME!



HEH-HEH! I'LL  
PUT YOU IN YOUR  
GRAVE NOW! IT'S  
COLD THERE!  
SO COLD...

AAAAH--  
NO!





GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THAT-- THAT THING!



IT WON'T COME UP HERE! LET IT HAVE THE MONEY, ALL OF IT!



GOT YOU NOW, SIMPKINS! HEE-HEE-HEE!

UH--NO! PLEASE DON'T! I--

A SLIPPERY TILE AND...

AHHH!

HAH-HAH-HEE-HO-HO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

MY MONEY! MY GOLD! AT LAST I'VE GOT IT AGAIN! NO ONE WILL EVER GET IT FROM ME NOW!

A ND THAT NIGHT, FROM THE STORM-BATTERED GRAVEYARD COMES A STRANGE SOUND...

ONE THOUSAND--  
--HEE-HEE--  
TWO THOUSAND--  
--HAH-HAH--  
FOUR, FIVE, SIX THOUSAND...



# GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade



## THE MISSING MAN

Some of the best kept secrets of World War No. 2 are first beginning to leak out. For reasons of security, they could not be revealed at an earlier date. One of the more startling yarns is told below. The truth of it is not admitted in official circles, but neither is its authenticity denied. Why? Well, read on and form your own conclusions.

**"HMM,"** MUSED Professor Myron Slater, looking around in perplexity. "I wonder where Bristol could have gone?"

It pleased Slater that he had been instrumental in the development of the atom bomb, which, dropped several days before, had hastened the end of the war. Yet, as he stood on the platform, his travelling valise at his feet, awaiting the arrival of the train which was to carry him home, he was deeply puzzled.

This wasn't much of a station; surely no Grand Central or Pennsylvania depot, where a person could easily be lost. It was merely a wooden ledge projecting slightly outward to the tracks. Rattlesnake Junction was the name it bore; from any point of it the entire thing could be seen. And the only living soul on the platform was Myron Slater.

Rattlesnake Junction was the stopping off place nearest the laboratory where Slater and Professor Amory Bristol, the missing man, had worked on a matter of vital concern for several years. The two had departed from the lab together; now there was only one. Amory Bristol had disappeared; vanished like a puff of smoke in the air.

Just a short while ago the pair had vacated the government lab where they had spent 25 months on the project of world-shaking importance. During those long months they had been constantly together, discussing the intricacies of nuclear physics and such delicate matters as splitting the atom, as well as exchanging confidences and helping each other in an effort to bring closer what scientists the world over were striving to achieve. What they sought was a way of gaining lasting peace, and it was felt that only by developing the most dreadful weapon ever known could this be accomplished.

**B**RISTOL HAD seemed a rather strange person when Slater first met him. And in the early months of their association, this strangeness threatened more than once to strain the relation that existed between them. There was something eerie — absolutely weird — about Bristol, Slater seemed to feel. Exactly what it was, defied logical explanation. But several times Slater had taken on a sudden feeling of fright, as if a thin stream of cold water was trickling down his spine, in his co-worker's presence.

Eventually, Slater got over this feeling; he attributed it all to nerves. But the thought kept persisting that Bristol was the strangest person he had ever known. There was something about him . . .

That the two were pledged to the utmost secrecy in their operations, goes without saying. The world knows that now; it didn't at the time Slater and Bristol arrived in that isolated region of New Mexico where they and other scientists engaged in the same venture discharged their duties in the greatest privacy.

Slater was first to reach the scene of the gigantic undertaking. Carefully screened and briefed, he was assigned to a cottage that seemed more a prison than a home. Situated on a large tract of land, it stood all alone, completely surrounded by a high wire fence. None but the occupants could enter; food, clothing, changes of laundry, all were delivered through an opening in the fence. Discarded material was passed out in the same way. Strict instructions to Slater were that he could have no direct contact with anybody except the man he would work with, in this case Professor Amory Bristol.

Oh, yes; there was a phone inside the cottage with which either of the scientists could get in touch with the central office when they desired something.

That was the set-up that confronted Slater upon his arrival. His experiences with Professor Bristol, when the latter checked in shortly after, have been touched upon.

And now, it was all over. The two had accomplished what was required of them. They had co-operated fully, making an im-



measurable contribution in the development of the atom bomb.

Their duties completed, Slater and Bristol were dismissed with heartfelt thanks. They were permitted to return home and resume their normal way of living.

Living? . . . Well, . . .

**A**T THE TIME Myron Slater embarked on the atom bomb project, one of the restrictions imposed was that he could not receive the daily newspapers. He was told, too, that there was no radio available and that none would be provided.

It is to be assumed that the same thing applied in the case of Professor Bristol; that is, that he was also cautioned about this matter when he arrived.

Thus, contact was lost with the outside world. Neither was in a position to learn what was going on.

Their "confinement" ended, both were now free to do as they pleased; read whatever they desired.

Myron Slater was anxious to learn what had happened in the past 25 months. Mentally, he resolved to arm himself with a back-log of newspapers and catch up on the news. That was one of his immediate objectives, something to be realized at the earliest opportunity.

But this was not possible at Rattlesnake Junction. There were no newsstands on the station or in the vicinity. No matter; Slater decided he could wait a little longer, until he got home, to enjoy the luxury that had been denied him. He would feast on newsprint in comfort, he thought.

The absence of Professor Bristol from the railroad station disturbed Slater at first. Then the alarm he had felt evaporated. He remembered the story of the absent-minded professor who was always forgetting something. A faint smile appeared on Slater's face. This was just it, he decided. Bristol probably forgot something in his eagerness to get away from the lab and had slipped off to retrieve it. That his companion had

gone without saying a word to him, Slater attributed to Bristol's eccentric habits.

The blast of the train whistle as that conveyance approached the station blew all further conjecture as to Bristol's whereabouts completely from Slater's mind. He picked up his suitcase as the locomotive wheezed to a stop, boarded the train and was soon off, headed for his destination.

**M**YRON SLATER'S first stop when he reached his home town was a store which dealt in back issues of newspapers. He ordered a stack of dailies — a sizeable order remarked the proprietor. Since the entire lot was too large for him to handle, Slater requested that all except those for the first two weeks of his absence be sent to him. The others he took along, thrusting them under his arm.

Leaving the store, he hailed a cab and sat back for a quick glance at the headlines. He would read the papers more carefully when he got home, he told himself.

December 3rd he remembered well. It was the date of his departure for New Mexico. December 4th was the first of the newspapers he had missed. He picked out the one bearing that date, spread it open and began to read. There before him, above a one-column cut of the man, shrieking out in a manner his brain could hardly conceive, was a headline:

## **PROF. AMORY BRISTOL DEAD**

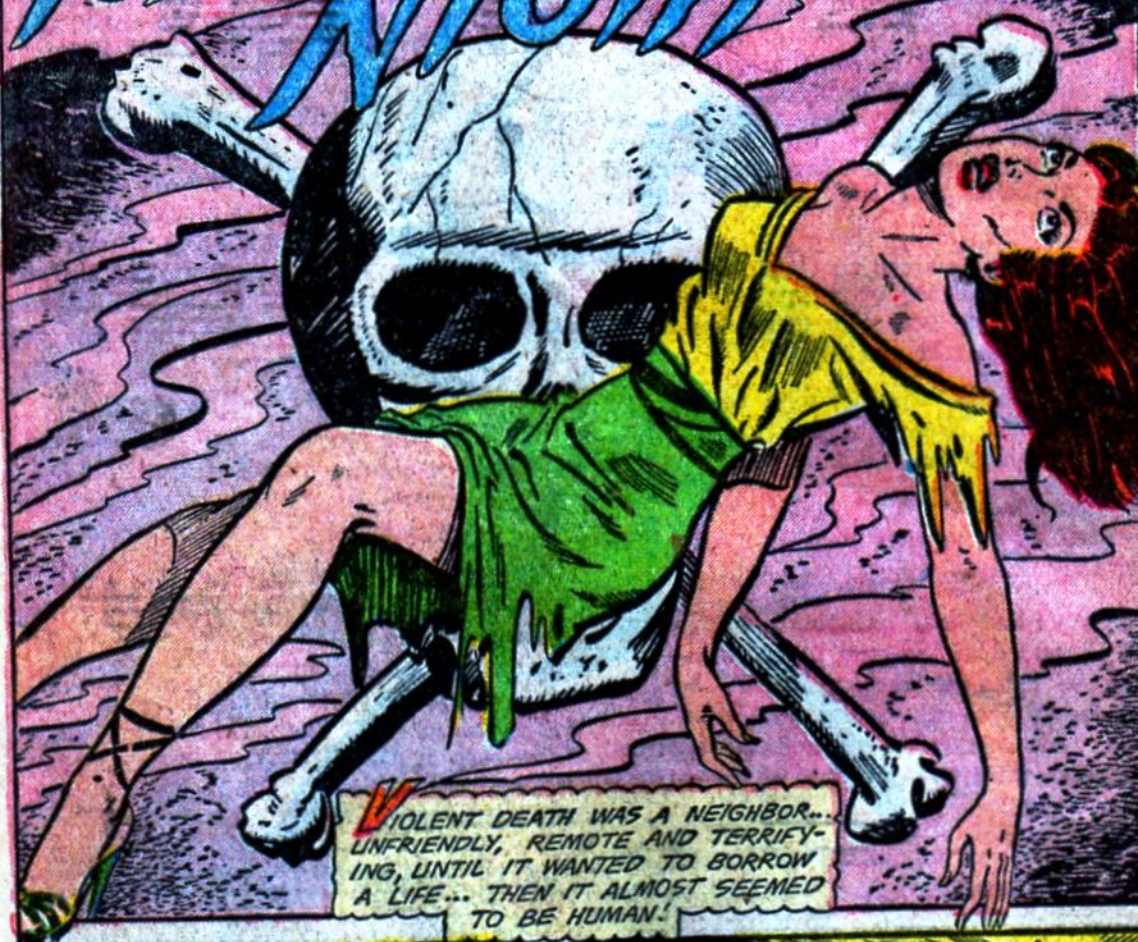
The sub-head just below this startling screamer read:

**NOTED SCIENTIST KILLED  
IN PLANE CRASH ON HIS  
WAY TO GOVERNMENT LAB**

Slater's face turned ashen; he glanced at the top of the newspaper he held. Yes, it was dated two years before. His eyes swept back to the sensational announcement. He could not believe what he saw. His head began to swim. Then the full significance of it all struck him; realization and understanding returned. *He had worked two years with a dead man!*



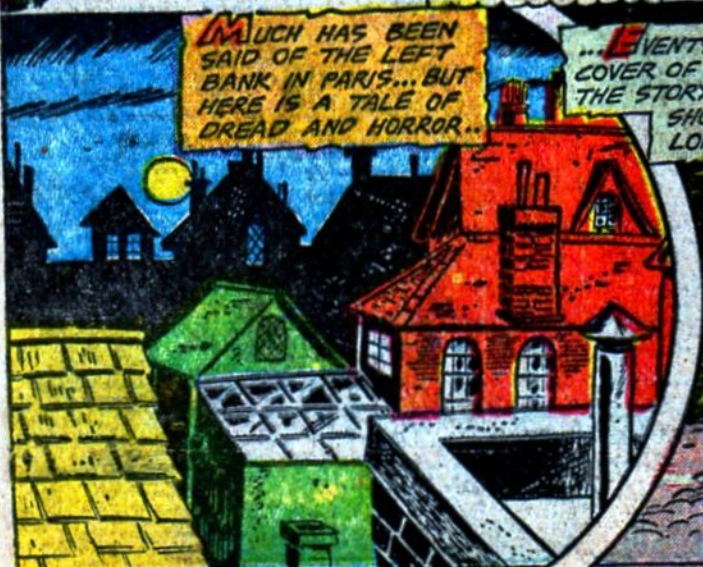
# Terror in the NIGHT



**V**IOLENT DEATH WAS A NEIGHBOR... UNFRIENDLY, REMOTE AND TERRIFYING, UNTIL IT WANTED TO BORROW A LIFE... THEN IT ALMOST SEEMED TO BE HUMAN!

**M**UCH HAS BEEN SAID OF THE LEFT BANK IN PARIS... BUT HERE IS A TALE OF DREAD AND HORROR...

**E**VENTS LIKE THIS SEEK THE COVER OF NIGHT, BUT TO TELL THE STORY PROPERLY, ONE SHOULD START ON A CERTAIN LONELY CORNER... WHERE A SCREAM PIERCED THE SHADOWS, AND...





WOMEN, I CANNOT STAND  
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!  
SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT,  
PEOPLE WHO ARE BUT  
SHADOWS...

THOSE ARE MATTERS  
FOR THE POLICE,  
SISTER! BESIDES WE  
CAN AFFORD NO  
BETTER THAN  
THIS!

LAH! IF THE GENTLE SISTERS  
ONLY KNEW HOW CLOSE THEY WERE  
TO A DRAMA THAT WOULD MAKE  
STRONG MEN PALE... THE LIGHTS  
SNAP OFF IN A SMALL STUDIO... A  
FIGURE HURRIES OUT INTO THE  
DARKNESS...



I'LL NEVER FINISH MY  
WORK AT THIS RATE!  
EVERYTHING IS AGAINST  
ME! EVERYTHING!



WHAT CURSED LUCK HOLDS  
ME BACK ALL THE TIME! BUT  
TONIGHT I MUST ACCOMPLISH  
SOMETHING!



A TATTOO OF HIGH HEELS  
SOUNDS ALONG THE COBBLE-  
STONES...

HA! HER WEIGHT  
APPEARS PERFECT,  
ACCORDING TO THE  
SOUND OF HER!



GECILE LA  
MONDEX WAS  
INDULGING IN ALMOST  
IDENTICAL  
THOUGHTS...

BAH! HUNGER  
DOES MUCH FOR  
MY FIGURE,  
BUT MY  
STOMACH  
COMPLAINS  
MORE BY  
THE HOUR!





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

WHAT WAS THAT?  
THESE DARK STREETS...  
A GIRL'S NOT SAFE...

OH! WHO ARE  
YOU? WHAT DO  
YOU WANT? GO  
AWAY... I'LL  
CALL THE  
GENDARMES!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED,  
MADEMOISELLE! I AM  
LONELY... I SEEK ONLY  
YOUR FRIENDSHIP!

I DON'T MAKE  
FRIENDS WITH  
STRANGERS IN  
THE DEAD OF  
THE NIGHT!

WAIT! IT IS  
MORE THAN  
THAT! YOU  
SEE, I AM AN  
ARTIST, AND  
YOUR BEAUTIFUL  
FACE... IF ONLY  
YOU'D POSE  
FOR ME!

POSE?  
FOR  
MONEY?

OF COURSE, MY  
DEAR! AND I  
WILL PAY YOU  
WELL!

HAH! THERE, YOU  
SHOW ME HOW CLEVER  
YOU ARE. I, PIERRE  
LOTROY ALONE KNOWS  
THE FULL VALUE  
OF SHADOWS!

I ALONE PAINT WITHOUT THE  
SUN STABBING INTO MY CANVAS!  
I WILL SHOW YOU THE WONDROUS  
BEAUTY OF SHADOWS! COME, MY  
STUDIO IS BUT STEPS AWAY...

BUT  
WHO WOULD  
ASK ONE TO  
POSE AT  
THIS HOUR?







HAH, CECILE, WHAT CAN BE WRONG? BUT STILL... WHY IS IT I FEEL SO ON EDGE?

LOVELY! NO... *WAIT!* YOU FROWNED! PLEASE... YOU MUST RELAX YOUR FACE!



IT IS SUCH A LOVELY FACE! YOU MUST NEVER FROWN!

PLEASE, MONSIEUR! I WAS THINKING SUCH FOOLISH THOUGHTS! FOR A MOMENT I FELT SO STRANGE... SO FRIGHTENED! I KNOW IT'S SILLY!



FRIGHTENED! BUT OF WHAT? INDEED IT IS FOOLISH TO THINK OF ANYTHING SO UNHAPPY!



...ONLY THE BEAUTIFUL MUST YOU THINK OF! THAT'S WHAT I SEE IN YOUR EYES AND YOUR MOUTH AND...



AGAIN YOU CHANGE BRUSHES? MY, THERE IS SO MUCH TO PAINTING!



RELAX, MY DEAR! I MUST RELAX YOUR POSE... SO...

OH, NO! PLEASE! DON'T... OHHH...

IT WAS ENDED QUICKLY FOR LITTLE CECILE LA MONDEX... BUT SHE DIDN'T WANT TO DIE... HER SCREAMS TORE THROUGH THE NIGHT IN PROTEST, BUT TOO SOON ALL WAS SILENT AGAIN...





AND A GRIM  
PATTERN WAS  
REPEATED...

SO GOOD! ALL IS  
GOING MUCH  
BETTER! MY HEART  
SINGS... MY HANDS  
ITCH FOR MORE  
WORK!

I'LL TRY THE  
SAME CORNER!  
PERHAPS I MAY  
BE LUCKY HERE  
AGAIN!

THIS TIME A LONE SAILOR  
TRAMPED THE EMPTY STREET...

NO PLACE TO GO...  
NOTHING TO DO... IF  
ONLY I HAD MONEY...

WITH ALL THAT PARIS HAS  
TO OFFER, WHAT IS MY  
SHARE BUT LONELINESS!

WHA...! I DIDN'T  
HEAR YOU APPROACH,  
MONSIEUR! YOU  
STARTLED ME...

PARDON! PERHAPS IT  
WAS BECAUSE I WAS  
LOST IN ADMIRATION  
OF YOUR FINE  
FEATURES, SON.

I AM AN ARTIST!  
YOUR APPEARANCE  
IS SO STRIKING... I  
SAY, WOULD YOU  
CONSIDER POSING FOR  
ME? FOR A FEE, OF  
COURSE...

A FEE? I DO  
NOT KNOW WHAT  
YOU SEE IN ME,  
MONSIEUR, BUT  
FOR A FEE I  
AM YOUR  
SERVANT!



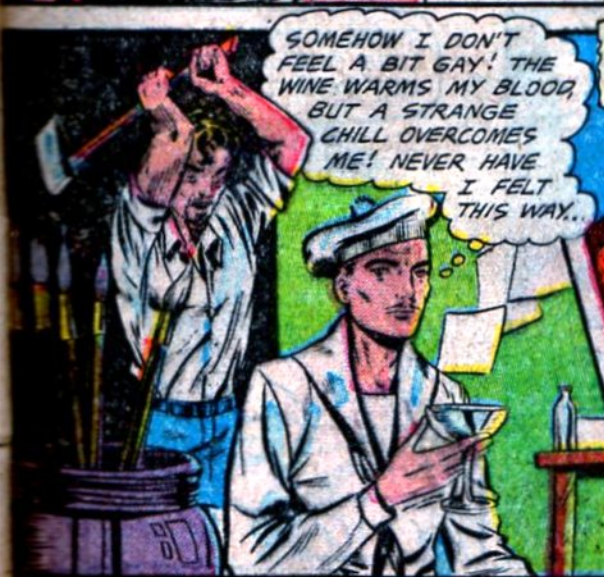


"SPLENDID! DRINK SOME MORE! IT GIVES ME A NATURALNESS THAT IS SHEER MAGIC!"

"AS YOU SAY, BUT THIS WINE IS VERY HEADY..."



"THAT IS GOOD! I WANT TO CAPTURE YOU IN THE SPIRIT OF GAY ABANDON!"



"SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL A BIT GAY! THE WINE WARMS MY BLOOD, BUT A STRANGE CHILL OVERCOMES ME! NEVER HAVE I FELT THIS WAY..."



"...AND THE SOUND THAT IS NAKED TERROR ONCE AGAIN SPLIT THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT..."



"THERE WAS STILL TIME FOR THE MOON WAS ONLY HALF GONE... AGAIN PIERRE STRODE OUT INTO THE NIGHT AND AS IF BY APPOINTMENT ROSE LEDOUX, A LOCAL GIRL, STOOD BENEATH THE LAMP-LIGHT..."

"POSE FOR YOU? YES, I THINK I WILL! I NEED SOME NEW PICTURES!"

"I WILL PUT YOU ON A CANVAS THAT WILL MEAN ETERNAL FAME, MADEMOISELLE!"

"ENOUGH! I CANNOT STAND ANY MORE OF THIS WRETCHED NOISE!"

"PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, SISTER! WE'LL NOTIFY THE GENDARMES!"





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THE POLICE HAD OTHER REPORTS AS WELL... ALL POINTED TO THE SAME SECTION OF THAT FATEFUL NEIGHBORHOOD... AND THE DEADLY HUNT WAS ON.

BUT FOR A WEEK NOW, INSPECTOR ALL HAS BEEN SILENT! NO MORE NIGHT SCREAMING...

BUT SO FAR THREE DISAPPEARANCES HAVE BEEN REPORTED!

THESE PEOPLE COULD BE TRACED AS FAR AS THAT SECTOR! THERE **MUST** BE A ANSWER TO THIS!

WE AGREE. BUT WHAT? WHAT?



WE HAVE GONE FROM DOOR TO DOOR! WE FIND ONLY RESPECTABLE PEOPLE!

WITHIN THEM LIVES OUR ANSWER! I FEEL IT... I KNOW IT!

THERE IS ONE WAY WE CAN LURE OUR MYSTERY MAN OUT INTO THE OPEN!



A PRETTY GIRL! IF THE MISSING PERSONS HAVE MET WITH FOUL PLAY, THEN WE HAVE BAIT TO CATCH A MURDERER!

BUT WHAT GIRL WOULD DO SUCH A DANGEROUS THING? ESPECIALLY A PRETTY GIRL...

COME IN, CHERI! MY MEN WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU! GENTLEMEN... MY WIFE!

DO I LOOK THE PART, PAUL? IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN AN ACTRESS!





THE MASTER PLAN WAS SET AND WHEN NIGHT OVERTOOK THE CITY, A GIRL STOOD BENEATH THE STREET LAMP...

IF PAUL ONLY KNEW I WAS FRIGHTENED... BUT HE IS SO BRAVE...



G-GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR! MY LAST MATCH WENT OUT—PERHAPS YOU COULD HELP ME?

GOOD EVENING! I WILL BE SO BOLD AS TO PROPOSE A BARGAIN! I WILL LIGHT A THOUSAND OF YOUR CIGARETTES IF YOU WILL POSE FOR ME BUT ONCE!



WHERE DO YOU PAINT, MONSIEUR?

MY STUDIO IS A VERY SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE...



AND I AM PROTECTED. I REALLY SHOULDN'T TREMBLE SO...OHH! SOMEONE THERE... IN THE SHADOWS!



I AM AN ARTIST! A STRUGGLING ONE, BUT YOU COULD BRING ME THE FAME I SEEK!

I AM NOT A MODEL, BUT YOUR WORDS ARE SO FLATTERING!



MY HUSBAND AND HIS MEN FOLLOW...I HOPE I LEAD THEM ON THE RIGHT TRAIL!

SHE IS THE LAST! MY CANVAS WILL BE FINISHED TONIGHT!









# Blood on her LIPS

Diary of <sup>Dennis</sup> Keefe, Royal Northwest Mounted Police, January 5th, 1952  
To whom it may concern!

I pray that someone finds this! I am dying of cold and hunger, still I want the world to know why I died, and the terrible things I have just witnessed.

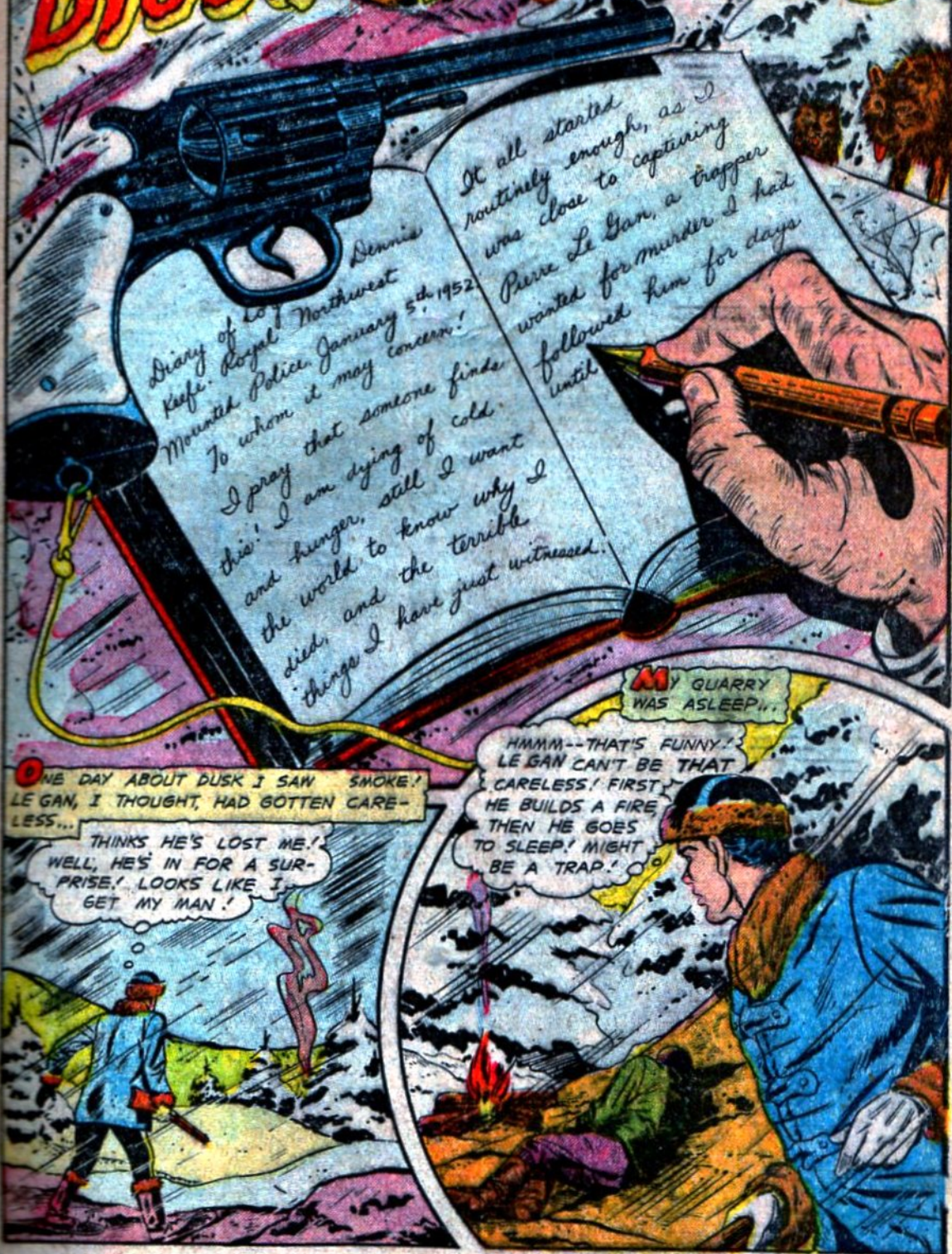
It all started routinely enough, as I was close to capturing Pierre Le Gan, a trapper wanted for murder I had followed him for days until

ONE DAY ABOUT DUSK I SAW SMOKE! LE GAN, I THOUGHT, HAD GOTTEN CARELESS...

THINKS HE'S LOST ME! WELL, HE'S IN FOR A SURPRISE! LOOKS LIKE I GET MY MAN!

MY QUARRY WAS ASLEEP!

HMMM--THAT'S FUNNY! LE GAN CAN'T BE THAT CARELESS! FIRST HE BUILDS A FIRE, THEN HE GOES TO SLEEP! MIGHT BE A TRAP!





BUT IT WAS NO TRAP! I KNEW THAT AS SOON AS I SAW THE WOLF TRACKS...



WOLVES... THAT MEANS...



DEAD! HIS THROAT RIPPED OUT! BLOOD'S HARDLY FROZEN YET, THOUGH, SO THEY MAY STILL BE AROUND!

THERE WAS NO TIME TO PUZZLE OUT HOW LE GAN AN OLD TIME WOODSMAN, HAD ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE KILLED! I HAD MY OWN TROUBLES...



OOOWOOO!

WOLVES! MUST HAVE PICKED UP MY SCENT! SOUNDS LIKE A PACK!

GETTING READY TO RUSH ME! I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE! NO WONDER THEY GOT LE GAN!

AS DUSK FELL I BUILT A FIRE IN A CLEARING AND GOT READY TO FACE THE NIGHT--AND THE WOLVES...



GETTING CLOSE. I HOPE THEY KNOW THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AFRAID OF FIRE!



AT THE LAST MOMENT A MIRACLE HAPPENED! FOR SOME REASON THEY TURNED AND RAN...

OWOO-OOO! THEY'RE LEAVING! SOUNDS LIKE THE LEADER OUT THERE, CALLING THEM OFF! STRANGE...





SUDDENLY I SAW EYES GLEAM AGAIN IN THE DARK...

COMING BACK! BUT ONLY ONE OF THEM THIS TIME!

SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, BUT STRANGE LOOKING! I FOLLOWED HER WITHOUT PROTEST...

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! HURRY NOW, BEFORE THE WOLVES COME BACK!

WHY I DIDN'T ASK ANYONE ABOUT THESE PARTS! I KNOW THIS COUNTRY ISN'T TOO PRETTY WELL!

WE DID NOT SPEAK AGAIN UNTIL WE REACHED THE CABIN. THEN...

WHAT IS YOUR NAME? I AM GASTROUX. I HAVE LIVED HERE SINCE MY OTHER DIED!

HMMM-- DON'T SEE HOW I MISSED HEARING ABOUT YOU! BUT IT SEEMS I DID! AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

IT WAS A GIRL!

H-HELLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

I HEARD THE WOLVES AND THOUGHT SOMEONE MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE! COME, MY CABIN IS NEAR HERE!

EVEN WITHOUT SNOWSHOES SHE SEEMED TO GLIDE ACROSS THE SNOW! I HAD TROUBLE KEEPING PACE, BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

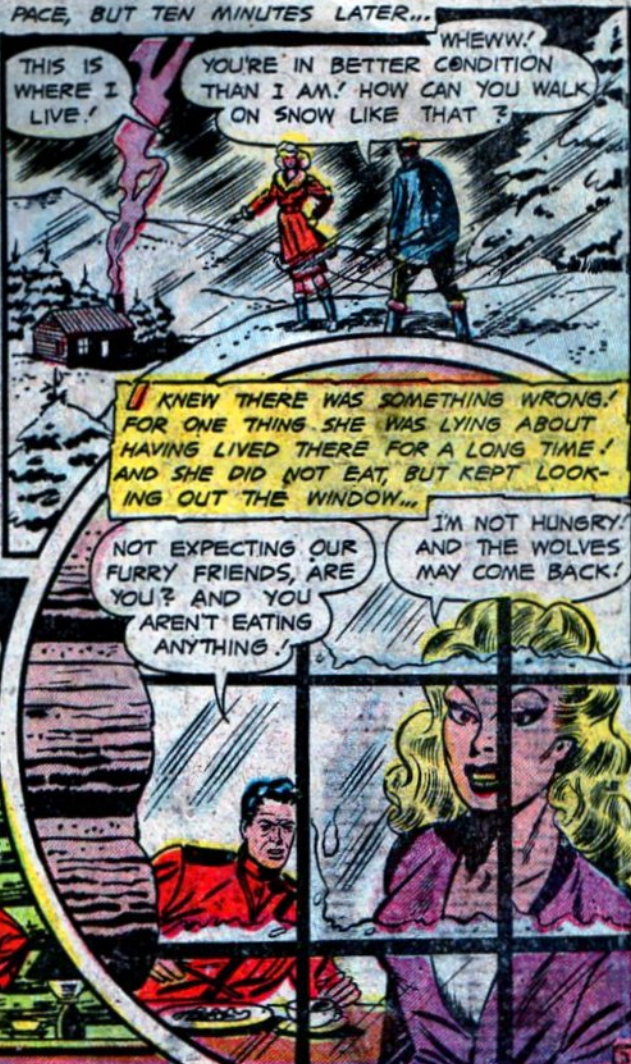
THIS IS WHERE I LIVE!

WHEWW! YOU'RE IN BETTER CONDITION THAN I AM! HOW CAN YOU WALK ON SNOW LIKE THAT?

I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! FOR ONE THING SHE WAS LYING ABOUT HAVING LIVED THERE FOR A LONG TIME! AND SHE DID NOT EAT, BUT KEPT LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW...

NOT EXPECTING OUR FURRY FRIENDS, ARE YOU? AND YOU AREN'T EATING ANYTHING!

I'M NOT HUNGRY! AND THE WOLVES MAY COME BACK!





I KNOW NOW THAT SHE PUT SOMETHING IN THE COFFEE! BUT AT THE TIME I THOUGHT I WAS JUST TERRIBLY SLEEPY...

MMMM--S-SO SLEEPY! CAN'T KEEP MY HEAD UP!

GO TO SLEEP, THEN!



AND HOWL LIKE A WOLF! I KNEW THEN, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE...

OWOOOO--  
OOOWOO!



AS I FELL INTO SLEEP I REMEMBER SEEING HER RAISE THE WINDOW...

N-NO! DON'T RAISE...WINDOW--  
YAWN--OR WOLVES WILL...  
COME...YAWN--



WHEN I AWAKENED I WAS ALONE AND THE CABIN WAS COLD...

THAT GIRL!

SHE DID HOWL LIKE A WOLF! I REMEMBER! BUT W-WHERE IS SHE?



AS I BUILT UP THE FIRE MY HORRIBLE SUSPICIONS CAME BACK...

I'VE HEARD OF SUCH THINGS, BUT I NEVER BELIEVED THEM! STILL--LE GAN WAS DEAD! AND THE WOLVES DID GO AWAY--JUST BEFORE SHE APPEARED! AS THOUGH THEY HAD BEEN COMMANDED!



SUDDENLY I HEARD WOLVES HOWLING AND RAN TO THE WINDOW! THE GIRL WAS LEADING THEM...

GREAT GODFREY!

SHE'S RUNNING WITH THEM! SHE IS A WEREWOLF! POOR LE GAN--SHE MUST HAVE KILLED HIM!





I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO. FANTASTIC THOUGH IT SEEMED! IT WAS EITHER ME --OR THAT CREATURE...



FIRE AGAIN AND AGAIN...



JUST THEN THE WIND CAME AND CAUSED A GREAT SNOW FLURRY. I SEIZED MY OPPORTUNITY AND RAN...



I MADE FOR A SMALL STAND OF TIMBER. I KNEW THEY WOULD CATCH ME BEFORE LONG AND I WANTED TO SELL MY LIFE DEARLY...



AND SUDDENLY I KNEW! A SILVER BULLET WOULD KILL A WEREWOLF...



I CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER! THIS IS WHERE I D-DIE!





I HAMMERED THE BUTTON INTO A CRUDE BULLET WITH THE BUTT OF MY GUN...



THE FELLOWS THOUGHT I WAS VAIN WHEN I ORDERED SILVER BUTTONS ON MY NEW TUNIC! NOW IT'S GOING TO SAVE MY LIFE!

I RAMMED THE MAKESHIFT BULLET INTO MY RIFLE ON TOP OF THE REGULAR CARTRIDGE, PRAYING THE BARREL WOULDN'T BURST WHEN I FIRED...



COME ON, YOU DEVILS! I'M READY FOR YOU NOW! IF I MUST DIE, I'LL TAKE A LOT OF YOU WITH ME!

AS SHE LEAPED I FIRED POINT-BLANK...



A SILVER BULLET FOR YOU-- WEREWOLF!

SHE GAVE A SCREAM OF ANGUISH! BEFORE SHE HIT THE GROUND SHE HAD CHANGED INTO A HUGE, GRAY FEMALE WOLF...



THE SILVER BULLET DID IT! DEAD! AND THE WOLVES ARE LEAVING! I'M SAFE!

BUT I RECKONED WITHOUT THE STORM! AS THOUGH AVENGING THE WEREWOLF'S DEATH IT ROSE SUDDENLY AND HOWLED AROUND ME! I WAS SOON LOST...



N-NEVER MAKE IT BACK TO THE CABIN NOW! LOST! I'LL FREEZE TO DEATH IN A FEW MINUTES!



so this is the end! I've managed to live until I could put it all down here in the snow and the cold! I'm getting warm now dying! If anyone is this please turn it over to the police. Good-bye.





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